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GIVE AWAY

A Sample Package (4 to 7 doses) of
Dr. Pierce's
Pleasant Pellets

To any one sending name and address to
us on a postal card.

ONCE USED THEY
ARE ALWAYS IN FAVOR.

Hence, our object in sending them out
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They absolutely cure Sick Headache, Bil-
iousness, Constipation, Coated Tongue, Poor
Appetite, Dyspepsia and kindred derange-
ments of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Don't accept some substitute said to be
"just as good."

The substitute costs the dealer less.
It costs you ABOUT the same.

HIS profit is in the "just as good."

WHERE IS YOURS?
Address for FREE SAMPLE.

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

"Torpedo scissors," a new form of
torpedo net cutter invented by a
Danish naval officer, have proved suc-
cessful, it is said, in recent tests.

They are fixed to the head of the tor-
pedo and fall apart on striking the
net, cutting it so as to let the tor-
pedo pass through and strike the
ship.

MIDNIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS.
Departing Audience of Broadway Theater
Photograph—New Development of
the Wonderful Art of Photography.

Mr. Rockwood, the well known Photographer,
has conceived and successfully carried out
a new departure in his Art, which seems to be a
departure in the history of photography.

As good pictures can now be made at
midnight as in the blaze of the noonday sun.
A photograph of the audience of the Broadway
Theater was recently taken between 11 and 12
o'clock at night as they were leaving the build-
ing.

The means for accomplishing this result
was a new pyrotechnic compound which Mr.
Rockwood has just introduced. The possibilities
of the morning papers publishing in picture
form the events of the preceding day and night
are now manifest. Mr. Rockwood prophesied
this some years ago and now sees his dreams
accomplished. With the resources of this Art
it will be well for the young man about town
to be sure that he goes to the theatre with his
own girl instead of some other fellow's sweet-
heart.

Look Out for Cold Weather
Beat ride inside of the electric lighted,
steam heated, vestibule apartment trains
of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul rail-
way and you will be as warm, comfortable
and cheerful as in your own library or
bedroom. To travel between Chicago, St.
Paul and Minneapolis, or between Chicago,
Omaha and Sioux City in these vestibule
apartment trains is a supreme satisfaction;
and, as the somewhat ancient advertise-
ment used to read, "for further particulars,
see small bills." Small bills (and large
ones also) will be accepted for passage and
sleeping car tickets by all coupon ticket
agents. For detailed information address
Geo. H. Headford, general passenger and
ticket agent, Chicago, Ill.

A scheme to build a new railroad in
Florida, for which money had been
fully subscribed, has fallen through.
One man put his name down for \$500,
but when called on for the cash he
demanded a life free pass for family,
free freight for his oranges, a spur to
his grove, with a town site laid out
on his land, he to have the proceeds
of the sale of lots.

DOAN'S
KIDNEY PILLS

2 POINTS.

BACKACHE AND LAME BACK come
from disordered kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills positively
cure all Kidney Complaints.

Testimony proves it to the world.
Fifty cents will prove it to you.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

Price, 50 cents per box, or six boxes for
\$2.50. Sent by mail on receipt of price.
For sale by all druggists.

OPIMUM

Patents, Trade-Marks.

Double BREECH

GUNS

Better

TREES OF GOLD

STARK

STARK

STARK

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STARK

STARK

A VERY BUSY WOMAN.

She pronounced in sounding platitudes
Her ev'lasting gratitude
For men of every latitude,
From the tropics to the poles;
She felt a consanguinity,
A sisterly affinity,
A kind of kinship and kinship,
For all these foreign souls.

For Caledonian Highlanders,
For the men of the South Sea Islanders,
For men of every latitude,
For the men of the tropics and the poles;
For the men of the tropics and the poles,
For the men of the tropics and the poles,
For the men of the tropics and the poles,
For the men of the tropics and the poles.

O, it worried Miss Sophronia,
Lest the man from Patagonia,
Should die with the pneumonia,
With the phthisis or the chills.
Yes, indeed, she worried daily,
Lest a croup or cold should waylay
Some poor Southerner or Malay,
Lying for the lack of pills.

And she toiled on without measure,
And with most unfeeling measure,
For the good of Central Asia,
And the good of the East India,
But meanwhile her little sister
Died of a cold and a fever,
But Sophronia hardly missed her,
For she had no time to spare.

—Hudson Gazette

MY JO, JOHN.

BY HELEN B. MATTHEWS.

CHAPTER XI—CONTINUED.

"I am going by that train," said
John, pointing to the train, which
wanted only one minute of depar-
ture, "with Lady Blanche's party."

Tom, he added, with a hurried
catch in his breath, "look after your
mother, she has some man capering
about with her. He calls her dear,
and she calls him Tom. Yes, Tom!

I've never seen the fellow before in
my life, and she's so pretty, you
know, Tom—and would you believe
it? she wears a fringe—a fringe,"

repeated poor John, his voice rising
almost to a scream. "It's positively
disgraceful, but I understand now
why she talked about getting a di-
vorce."

For a moment Tom's heart failed
him; so disordered, so old so shabby
did his father look, that a sickening
doubt of his sanity crossed the poor
fellow's brain.

"I say, are you coming or are you
not?" cried out some one, who seized
John by the arm and pushed him
into the train just as it began to
move.

Mechanically, Tom stepped along
beside it, and was rewarded by see-
ing his father's head thrust out of
the window, and hearing his anxious
voice say:

"Tom, keep an eye on that fellow!
Whatever you do, don't leave your
mother alone. That fringe—" but
the train bore away the remainder of
the speech.

CHAPTER XII.

Fletcher was cleaning silver like
a demon in a pantry whose open lat-
ticed window looked out on a garden
from which all the flowers had van-
ished, while leaves, leaves, leaves,
decorated it gorgeously and held
full sway.

"Of all the God-forsaken places
on earth," said Fletcher, in a voice
of the intensest exasperation, "give
me a cottage in the country, five
miles from a market town, in No-
vember. What does that garden say?"

(he pointed a silver fork dis-
gustfully at the lovely melancholy,
"but Fletcher, go and hang your-
self." Why, I can't even sleep at
night for the screeching of them
nightingales, as goes on yellin' when
the other birds has the decency to
stop, and the sound of the milkman
coming down the street with his
"milk!" "ud be downright music
to my ears, let alone the cats' meat-
man, who'd make me feel myself
again. And if it wasn't for that
poor innocent up in town, wandering
about all alone by himself and get-
ting into goodness knows what
scrapes, now as them whose duty it
is to look after him has deserted
him, I'd have done it long ago. Mar-
tha—banged if I would not!"

"Hanged if you did, you mean,"
said Martha, nursing her arm as
usual and wearing a pink cotton
frook also as usual. "And pray
what good would that do any body?"

"You could marry again," snarled
Fletcher, who, with disgust at his
surroundings and anxiety for his
master, was like a bear with a sore
head.

"Not I," said Martha comfortably,
"once bit, twice shy. Independence
for me, if I'm left a widow. If I
were a man," continued Martha,
meditatively, "you wouldn't catch
me marryin'—not much!"

"No more would I, if I had my
time over again," said Fletcher.

"Lord! to think how one act of folly
can undo a lifetime!"

"It oughtn't to," said Martha,
equably. "What a pity one can't
divorce a man for—what's the word
—incom—incom!"

"Uncomfortability of temper, I
suppose you mean," said Fletcher,
loftily, "but they do in America, and
I've heard as how a lady once danced
a set of lancers where every Jack
man of 'em was a divorced husband,
except the eighth, and she was
thinking about divorcing him."

"Some people have such luck!"
said Martha, thoughtfully; "now she
must have been a judge of husbands,
and likely to know when she got a
good one. How can a poor woman be
a judge, that's never had but one?
And I'm sure if anybody ought to
get a divorce, it's Missus."

Fletcher snorted but made no re-
ply.

"What has she done, I should like
to know, to be sent here, for all the
world like as if she had been put in
the corner for disgrace, and left
alone week after week, month after
month, till everybody stares at her,
and thinks she must be as bad as can
be? If she was bad, she'd have got
a husband to dance after her, morn-
ing, noon, and night! A man likes to
see his wife admired—he don't want
what nobody else wants! Seems to
me he always likes best the woman
who gives him a lot of trouble—she

fills his hands, and prevents him
from getting into mischief himself—
but Missus was always miles too
good for that, so what does master
do, but go gallivanting himself."

"It's false!" cried Fletcher at the
top of his voice, "as false a word as
woman ever spoke! Master was
driven out of his own house by aggra-
vation, and ain't he to speak to
another human bein' for the rest of
his life?"

"Human beings, by all means," said
Martha in her cool voice, "but not
females—not Lady Blanches. A lo-
cust, I call her, for it's my belief
she's been eating up master's sub-
stance till he's as bare as a gleaned
field."

Fletcher paused in his work to
turn a penetrating eye on his bet-
ter-half.

"I don't think you're so far out,
Martha," he said in a tone of won-
derous mildness, "that's her charac-
ter—to get the last shilling she can
out of a man, and then chuck him.
And it's my belief she's chucked
master."

"What have you heard?" said Mar-
tha quickly.

But Fletcher was already repent-
ing him of his burst of confidence,
and had withdrawn into the silence
in which he was able to sit as in a
tower, out of reach of Martha's
tongue.

"Missus has fretted worse than
ever since that night in August when
she saw him," went on Martha, show-
ing no sign of rebuff, "his collar all
open," Fletcher writhed as if un-
dergoing the most exquisite torture
—"his trousers looking as if he had
slept in 'em," Fletcher's long body
doubled itself up in agony—"his hat
not brushed," Fletcher groaned—
"for what does it matter about the in-
side of your head, that nobody sees,
so long as the outside covering
shines in the eyes of all behold-
ers?"—"and his poor mustaches,
one up and one down, like a man
who's just got out of the clutches of
a virago!"

"Just getting into the clutches of
one, you mean," said Fletcher, "I
wonder if he's there now?"

"He might have took me," added
Fletcher in an aggrieved voice, "I'm
partial to Scotland, it's a beautiful
place, some parts of it is more
mountainous than others."

Martha began to laugh, went on
laughing, and finally ran out of the
room with whole fountains of laugh-
ter bubbling up in her still. She
must tell her mistress this, and it
would make her laugh too, but the
sudden appearance of Tom, hatted
and coated, in the hall, looking pale
and worried, sobered her completely.

"Where is Fletcher?" he said.

"In the pantry, Mr. Tom."

And Tom, saying "Don't tell my
mother I am here!" strode off at ex-
press speed.

Fletcher had his back turned to
the door, and his squashed attitude
betrayed to Tom's experienced eye
that a matrimonial duel had just
taken place, and Fletcher, thinking
the enemy had returned, did not look
round.

"Here, I say," said Tom, "there's
something wrong with the poor
governor, and we've got to find out
what it is."

Fletcher turned round, very pale,
but braced up to hear the worst and
do his level best.

"Did you know the house in Har-
ley street was let—has been let for
months?" said Tom sharply.

"No, Mister Tom. Master forbid
me to go nigh the place, and cook
never wrote once—never answered
my wife nor me neither, when we
wrote to her, and we thought she
was forbidden. But is that all—only
the house let?" he added anxiously.

"It was a big house for master to
live in all alone."

"It's not all," said Tom, lowering
his voice. "You know I called more
than once and never got any farther
than the doorstep, but to-day I was
determined to go in, and I pushed
past the servant, a stranger, and
walked straight into the din-
ing-room. There was not a stick
nor stone of our things in it! I
expected to find my father
here," I said—"Colonel Anderson—
has he been gone long?"

"The girl said the family came in
in September, but the house had been
empty and unfurnished for months
before that, as her mistress had
looked over it as early as June. June!
what has become of everything—and
what has become of your master
since June?"

"Missus saw him in August, so did
you," said Fletcher trembling. "How
has he been living all this time,
poor, poor soul, with nobody to val-
ley him, or do nothing?"

"I have been to his club," said
Tom knitting his brows; "he has not
been there since May. I have seen
Mr. Goldsworthy, but he was very
reticent; said my father might have
lost money, but not through him;
and that I had his warm congratula-
tions on my mother's money being
tied up on herself and me, and there-
fore safe. And now," added Tom,
"how are we to find him? He seems
to have disappeared and left no trace,
or he is wilfully hiding from us."

"Ask Lady Blanche," suggested
Fletcher who had a large smudge of
plate powder across his nose, to save
his countenance from unadulterated
tragedy.

Tom blushed.

"I suppose I must," he said savage-
ly, "but she is not likely to trouble
herself much about him now he is
ruined. For he is ruined, Fletcher.
I feel sure of it, and I believe it was
because of that, and because he had
not the courage to tell her, that he
consented to be—" Tom paused for a
word—"division of the household,
and that he meant to starve up in
town, while we were comfortably
provided for down here."

"Very likely," said Fletcher, with

tears in his eyes, "his was always
the sweetest and most unselfish na-
ture in the world, and he'd prefer to
be blamed for things he hadn't done,
rather than say anything unkind to
anybody, or stand up for himself.
And now Master Tom, what are you
going to do?"

"I am going," said Tom, "his flexi-
ble young lips straightening into a
hard line, "back to town to find
Lady Blanche."

"She's sure to be in Scotland at
this time of the year," interpolated
Fletcher.

"If she is not in town I shall
go over to Scotland," said Tom, "and
if she can't or won't tell me anything,
I shall go to Scotland yard."

"Take me with you, Master Tom,"
said Fletcher imploringly.

"No, I may want you later. Mind
not a word to my mother about my
being here. I thought I heard that
beast Dewar's voice in the draw-
ing-room?"

"Yes, Master Tom, you did."

"Ugh! Well, I'm off. I'll let you
know how things turn out."

"You'll write or wire me the
moment you know anything?" said
Fletcher, as imploringly as a dis-
tracted mother asking news of her
child.

"I'll write. Keep up your courage,
Fletcher. If it's nothing worse
than losing money we'll have him
safe at home yet."

And ramming his hat on his head,
Tom vanished by the back door.

"Martha," said Mary that evening
as her woman brushed her hair,
"you have been crying. What is
the matter?" she asked, with some
surprise, as she knew that never
had that doughty and independent
person been known to shed tears
either before or after a matrimonial
row.

But Martha went on crying, con-
torting her face hideously, and
would neither explain nor be com-
forted.

"Is it anything to do with your
master?" said Mary indifferently.

Yes, she could speak and feel
quite indifferently now, for the fires
of suffering had burned themselves
out, and in their grey ashes lay
buried the love that John Anderson
had so openly betrayed and shamed.

"Oh no, ma'am. But he's been
more cross and snappish than usual
for days, hardly touching his food,
and railing at the country and the
litter of leaves as if they were
poison. He said yesterday he'd give
half he was possessed of to hear a
muffin bell again, or the milkman
calling 'Mok! Mok!' down the area
at Harley street. But—but I never
thought he'd run away like a house-
maid that's forged her own character;
but, O! ma'am he's done it."

"Run away?" said Mary, standing
up in her astonishment.

"Yes," cried Martha, wringing her
hands, "run away from me, ma'am.
To think that after all these years I
should be disgraced by having a man
run away from me!"

Mary's lips curved between scorn
and pity as she said:

"What makes you think he ran
away?"

"He went out directly he'd cleared
away dinner, and at supper cook
gave me this," said Martha, produc-
ing a scrap of paper with one hand,
and drying her eyes with the other.

Mary read it gravely. Perhaps she
was thinking of another letter that
had been addressed to herself.

"Martha," it said, "I am going away. Don't
you trouble to follow, because you want
me. Make my respects to mother and I hope
as how she'll forgive me but I'm following
the path of duty. TIMOTHY FLETCHER."

"And now, please, ma'am, could
you manage with Polly and the cook
for a few days, while I go and look
for him?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Down Upon the Plains.

While there are no night mirages
in the far West like one of an inverted
shore, lighthouses and vessels,
recently seen off the North Carolina
coast, the twilight or dawn upon
plains or mountains sometimes brings
a strange magnifying of celestial
bodies near the horizon. Thus, at
the close of the day, when from
evaporating snow or a recent rain-
fall the air is humid near the
ground, the going down of a red and
sullen sun below the western sky
line is sometimes followed almost
coincidentally by the rising in the
east of a full moon, as vast and fiery,
which, red and portentous, seems to
poise at the moment of its complete
emergence over prairie, ridge or
mountain, threatening to roll, a burn-
ing sphere, down the slope toward
the beholder. Similarly the morn-
ing and evening stars at times take
on size and colors so extraordinary
that even the experienced plainman
can scarcely believe that now and
vast constellations have not ap-
peared, for the first time in the
heavens.

The Modern Style.

"I wonder," said the old theater
goer, "if the old stock company
methods will ever be revived?"

"Stock company," responded Mr.
Farnes Turner, "why, we are going
out on the road next season with a
company composed almost entirely
of stock—three horses, a dozen
chickens, two goats, a calf and two
pigs."—Indianapolis Journal.

Willing to Reciprocate.

Little Edith was saying her pray-
ers. She asked that the Lord would
make her a good girl, which was
quite in line with mamma's instruc-
tions, but it rather astonished mam-
ma when Edith added, "and I'll do
as much for you."—Boston Trans-
cript.

Soap From Locusts' Eggs.

Eggs of the Algerian locust have
been found to yield a thick oil re-
sembling honey in appearance. It
burns well and mixed with alkali
makes a good soap.

The latest investigations by
the United States and Cana-
dian Governments show the
Royal Baking Powder super-
ior to all others in purity and
leavening strength.

Statements by other manufacturers to
the contrary have been declared by the
official authorities falsifications of the
official reports.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

In Delaware there are 9,000 farms
valued at \$37,000,000.

Two or three New York physicians
make \$100,000 or over each annually.

West Virginia has 16,000 square
miles of coal fields, and produces an-
nually 5,000,000 tons.

The imperial guard at Pekin, which
is drawn from the Banner army, con-
sists of eight regiments.

Clouds that move in a direction op-
posite to that of the surface currents
indicate a change of weather.

The Italian alphabet consists of
twenty-two letters, similar to the
English, omitting k, w, q and y.

It is said that there are only two
men living in the world who have had
their jugular veins cut, and one of
these lives in Chicago.

A Child Enjoys
The pleasant flavor, gentle action and
soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when
in need of a laxative, and if the father
or mother be costive or bilious, the
most gratifying results will follow its
use; so that it is the best family reme-
dy known, and every family should
have a bottle on hand.

A house in Medford, Mass., is so
completely covered with trumpet
honeysuckle vines that a stranger
would find it impossible to discover a
door or window.

Invest Now
In the best, most wholesome and most valuable
reading obtainable for 1894. THE YOUTH'S
COMPANION offers unequalled value and good
reading for all the family, and costs but \$1.75
a year.

Mr. Gladstone, two of Queen Victoria's
daughters, Rudyard Kipling, Mark Twain,
J. T. Hawthorne, and more than 100 other
eminent writers contribute to the volume for
next year.

New subscribers who send \$1.75 at once re-
ceive THE COMPANION free until January
1904, including the Thanksgiving, Christmas
and New Year's numbers and a year's sub-
scription besides.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

Uncle Sam has \$18,500,000 horses
and mules.

The value of the butter exportation
from France averages nearly \$17,000,-
000 a year.

Deafness Can Not Be Cured
by local applications, as they can not reach
the diseased portion of the ear. There is
only one way to cure Deafness, and that is
by constitutional remedies. Deafness is
caused by an inflamed condition of the
mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube.
When this tube gets inflamed you have a
running sound or imperfect hearing, and
when it is entirely closed Deafness is the
result, and unless the inflammation can be
taken out and this tube restored to its nor-
mal condition, hearing will be destroyed
forever; nine cases out of ten are caused
by catarrh, which is nothing but an in-
flamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for
any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh)
that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh
Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

So penetrating is water at high
pressure that only special qualities of
cast iron will be tight against it. In
the early days of the hydraulic jack
it was no uncommon thing to see
water issuing like fine needles
through the metal, and the water,
needles would penetrate the unwary
finger just as readily as a steel one.

Finest Apple Country in the World.
President Parker Earle of the Am. As-
sociation of Horticultural Societies and, perhaps,
the foremost pomologist in the United
States, pronounces the Upper Pecos
valley of New Mexico the finest apple
country in the world. In an address
delivered at Roswell, New Mexico, on
the occasion of the completion of the
Pecos Valley railroad to that place,
Oct. 15, 1894, he spoke glowingly of
the capabilities of that section for apple
raising, and predicted that in a few
years it would be furnishing the world's
markets with the finest apples any-
where obtainable. The magnificent
fruit with which the trees in the ad-
jacent orchards were laden, was pro-
nounced by him the finest he ever saw,
and he was confident that its superior,
or indeed its equal, could not be found
in any other part of the world. He is
about to show his faith by his works;
for he is laying aside every other in-
terest to engage in apple raising in the
Pecos valley on a large scale.

Stockholm is believed to be the
largest telephone city in the world.
According to the latest statistics,
given out by the Stockholm general
telephone company, Stockholm has
at present 14,000 telephones, or about
one to every eighteen inhabitants.

Had music has terrors.

Haggen's Camphor Ice with Glycerine,
(Glycerine Camphor Ice and Face, Tender of 200 Feet,
L. H. Haggen, New York, C. O. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.)

Don't temporize with sin.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your
druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Cupid is not an intellectual being.